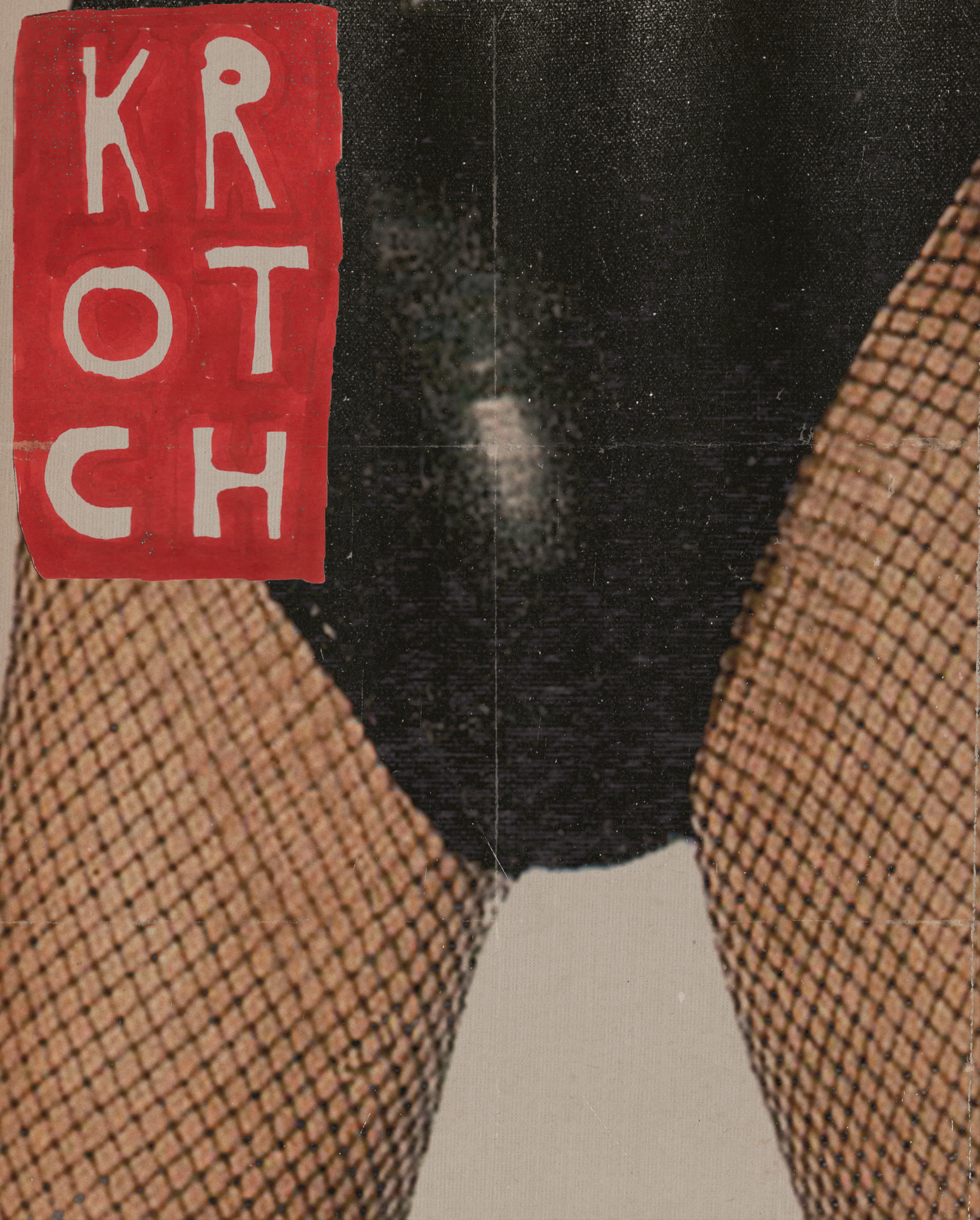
KROTCH



ISSUE #20
FEB.01.26

50KČ
special edition

what if
everyon
e
had an
art
degree?

20

KROTCH MAG TURNS TWENTY !

KROTCH MAG is proud to celebrate its 20th issue of discount writing by Prague & for Prague. Since we began the project in June 2022, our goal has been to promote local writing on local topics to generate new perspectives on larger themes & questions -- what is poetry? what is art? and how can I get drunk for free? (these are all the same questions).

And since beginning the project, we've also learned a lot. For example, asking people to submit us "bad" writing is, in principle, the same as asking someone to send us "good" writing -- each qualification is subjective and dependent on past experiences that build expectations.

We also learned that the community writers for KMAG often don't need explanations because they understand, somehow, what these unspoken conventions are--even when we don't know ourselves. And, perhaps, this is the beauty about community works; you create your own notions of "good" and "bad" by collective shared experiences.
However micro, however local.

Perhaps this is all we will have left in the age of global mass media where conventions and expectations are mass-maintained through algorithmic gatekeeping and the institutionalization of "expression." Fuck art school.

We want to give a huge thank you to all who have contributed to KROTCH over the last twenty issues and to all of you who took the time to support K-MAG. You have helped us belong and find our belonging amongst the contorted culture of the 21st century. Long live the shitheads.

- KMAG EDITORS

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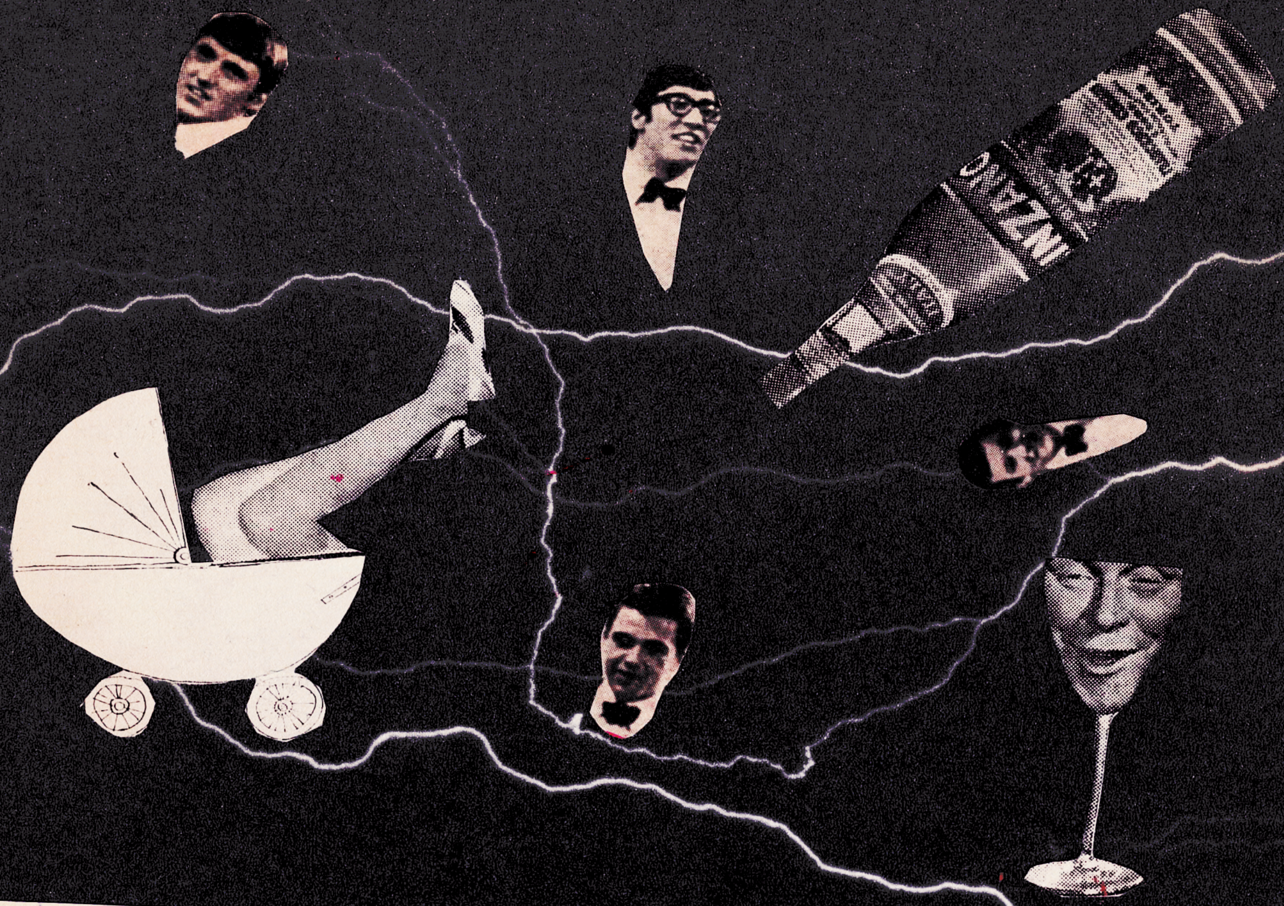
Thousands of years ago, Bohemia was a sacred ground where Gods vacationed. Two particular Gods, Večerka and Nonstopka, would take their divine rest on the golden beaches of Vinohrady, tanning their bodies by the sea. It's true—Czechia wasn't always landlocked and block housing.

There once was a beautiful sea, set in picturesque nature with good hotels and fair prices. But the Gods couldn't spend all eternity here...they had lives after all, and someone had to keep an eye on the beaches while they were gone. So the Gods pulled some kluci from Bohuzel to look after the place while they retreated back to their typical duties in Brussels.

Večerka and Nonstopka made sure the kluci were well-cared for. They had, after all, invested so much energy into creating the perfect vaction get-away. To thank the bohuzel kluci, the Gods opened the zizkov taps, letting streams of branik pour all across Prague-3.

"Never drink more than 10 gallons a day. if you over consume, you will create fires in your mouth and you will become very thirsty. Please trust us," Večerka and Nonstopka warned the bohuzel kluci.

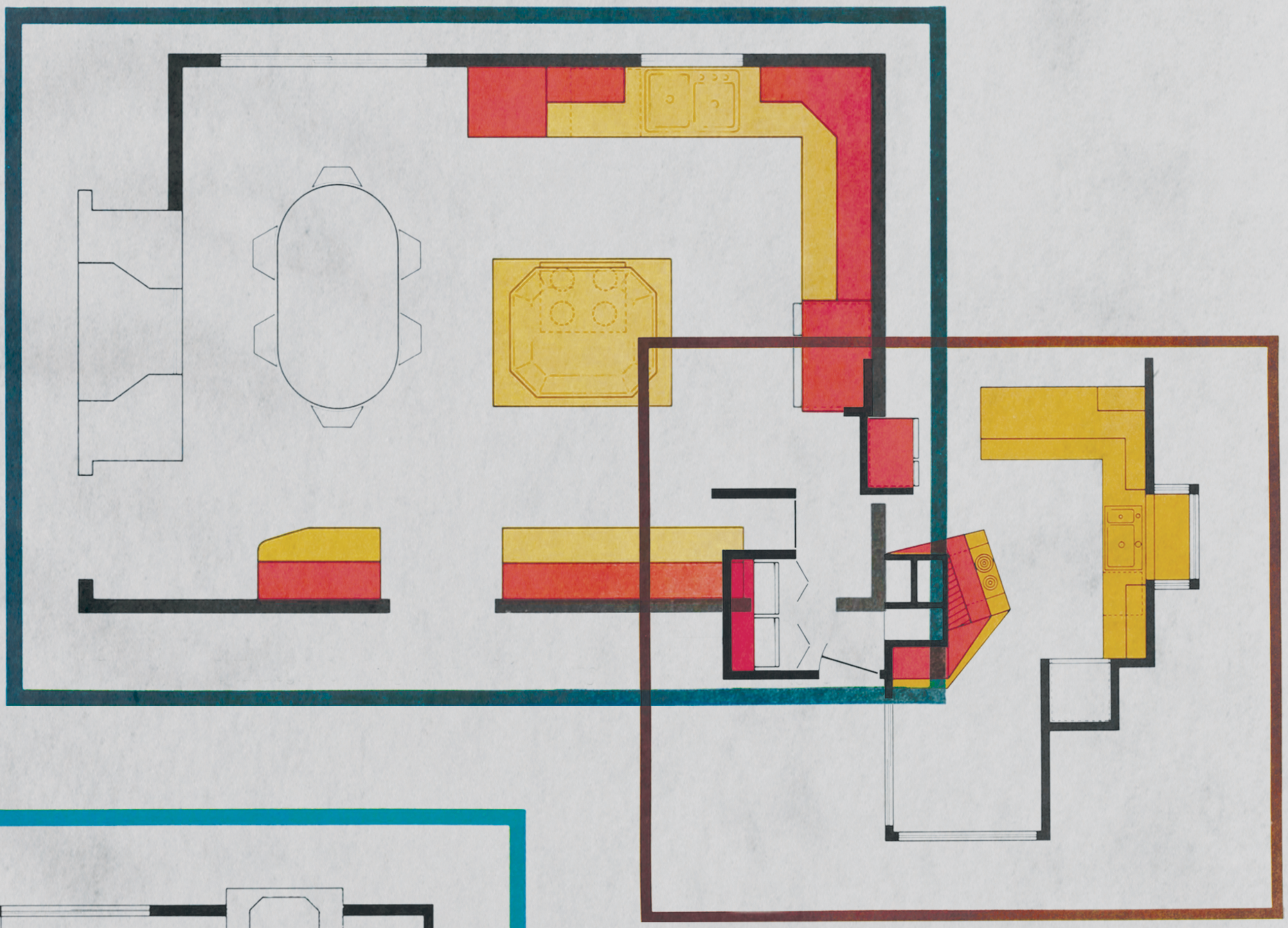
The kluci were fascinated by the Gods' infinite golden showers, but were very carful to tend to the land and the people. But the kluci become somewhat Gods themselves, and, before too long, were hosting grand parties that helped populate the rest of the land.

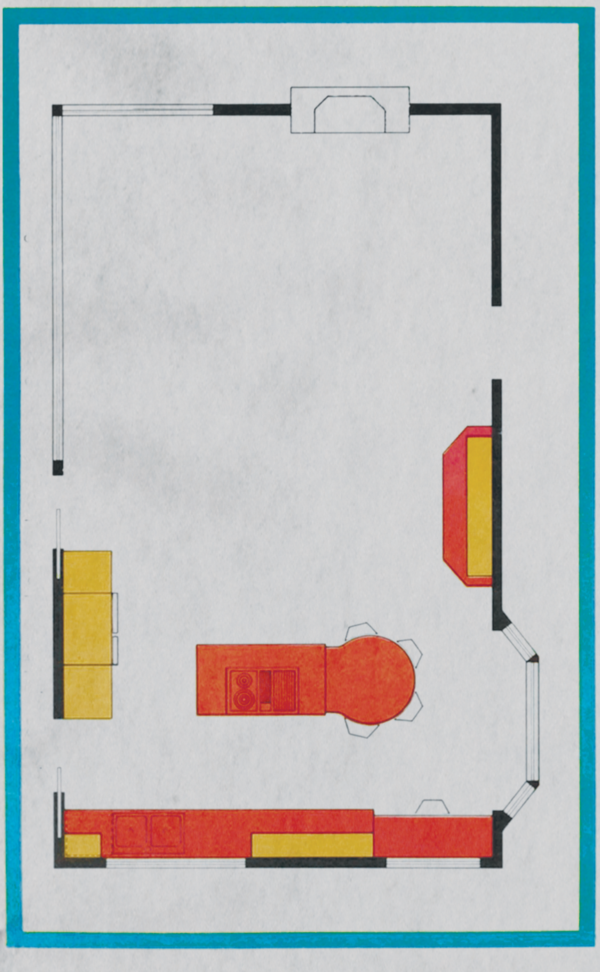


However, all the fun eventually would lead to the great Czechia Change. The kluci began getting piss drunk all the time to the point where day and night did not differ.

They even smoked in bed, which caused massive fires. To stop the infernos and to quench their hangover thirsts, they drained all the water from the sea.

When Večerka and Nonstopka returned, they were so upset that they decided to keep the people of the Czech land forever thirsty by ensuring that water at restaurants would never be served for free, and that beer would always would be cheaper. Today, we can still see the mark of Večerka and Nonstopka's rule in the slow flow of the Vltava that is 2/3 water and 1/3 branik.





- Clean living room [ ]
- Clean bathroom [ ]
- Unload dishwasher [ ]
- Buy ticket to punk show [X]
- Hot chocolate/cig [X]
- Fold laundry/put away [ ]
- Cut hair/trim pubes [X]
- Deeply moisturize [X]
- Meditate [ ]
- Masturbate [ ]
- Sleep [ ]

We were on the second bottle of red when he said, "I was born an artist."

"I mean, I respect what you've done," I told him. "It's impressive you sold your work for half yr rent. Really nice place up in vinohrady and all. But I think we have different values."

He edged.

"You see," I said, "I want to live in a world where art & artist is always a response, not a product or a title. Where art is happening, intimately and uniquely--not in a prescribed way of looking at something or someone."

"But not everyone can be an artist, right?" he asked.

"This is where we agree," I said. "When I'm throwing trash all over my room, I'm not 'being an artist.' I'm just a drunk. But if someone walks in and thinks I do it artistically, then, to them, I'm an artist."

"What doesn't make sense to me is doing the opposite --telling someone I'm an artist when they don't see it that way at all."

Now swap the word trash and drunk for art and artist. Do you get my point?

If we call this thing art, it automatically makes something else not art. I don't want someone to decide for me. It's a damn good way to make money tho.

but i don't need money. I feel rich as fuck when I'm drunk.

Because the dictionary is a guide, a sample, a curation by people in Oxford. Art is the same.

When someone asserts that art exists, they are asserting their own existence--their own subjective response.

This is beautiful and it should be celebrated; but their existence is not the only one.

The real celebration is this right now--these words, in this order, in your ear, after all this wine--has never existed in the history of humankind before this moment.

You are the first and only person to hear it like you do, before this candle, in that chair, with your history and your hangover and your rent due.

That is the incredible, stupidly underrated experience I care about.

Your subjectivity--its immediacy, its imperfect individuality, its exper[illegible]se--is the whole show. It's already more interesting than whatever someone told you was interesting.

The viewer is the poet.
The artist.
The subjective self.

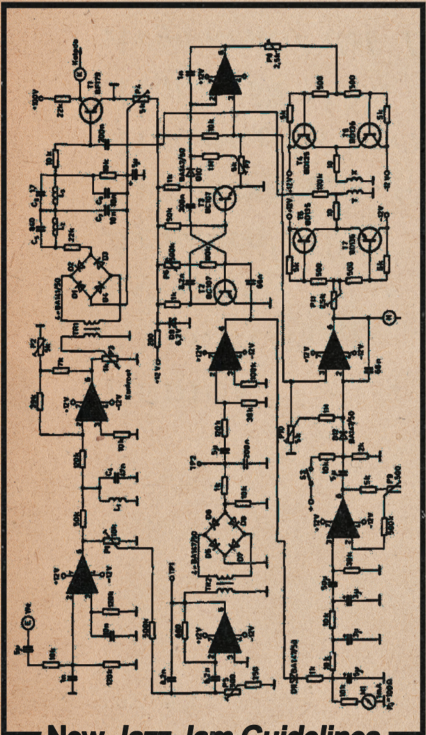
DON'T TAKE AWAY MY FUCKING SUBJECTIVITY.

An Exclusive KROTCH Report:

"No More Jams" Suggests Local Starving Artist

Local Artist Suggests 'No More Weekend Jams' in Light of the New Musician's Workweek

Suggested Artist Look



New Jazz Jam Guidelines Released by Jazz Police

(PRAGUE) Thursday through Saturday has officially been declared the musician workweek.

Due to the ruling, all jams outside of these hours have been asked to suspend operation.

The ruling came last week when a local artist suggested that jam venues do not respect musicians, stating,

"people who go to jams are getting free entertainment--meanwhile, people like me, are finding it hard to get an audience."

At press time, the artist declared,

"what ends up happening is that people don't want to pay for my concerts because they're use to all the free jams throughout Prague."

Before the ruling, artists were required to travel outside of Žižkov to make money where concertos are promoted, "professional," and attended by men with nice hair cuts who play in the intermission jam-band between jams.

The discussion about artist-compensation goes back millennia. However, jams continue to provide not only entertainment for our community, but they also create spaces where those communities can form.

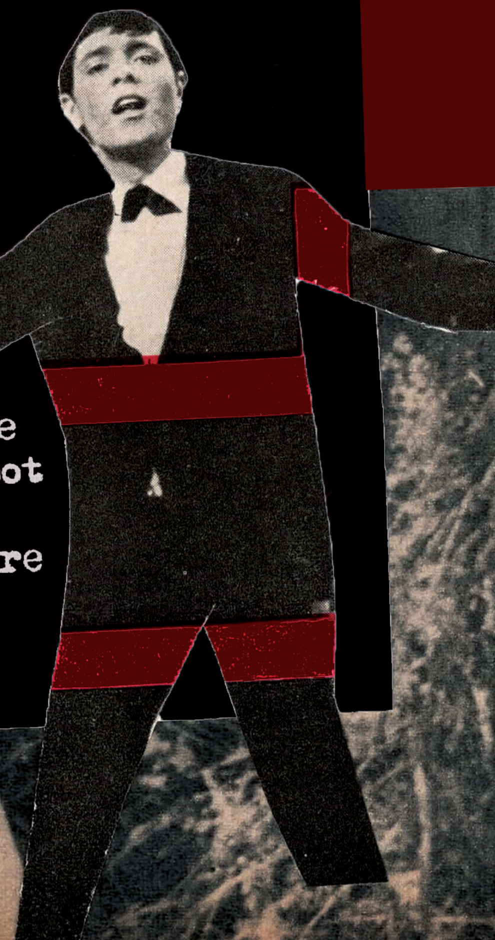
We hope that Prague continues to pursue its free approach to community gathering. Paid musicians will find their gigs all the same regardless of when jams happen.

KROTCH Mag stands in opposition to the ruling and suggests that you go downtown to have a good time wherever you can find it.

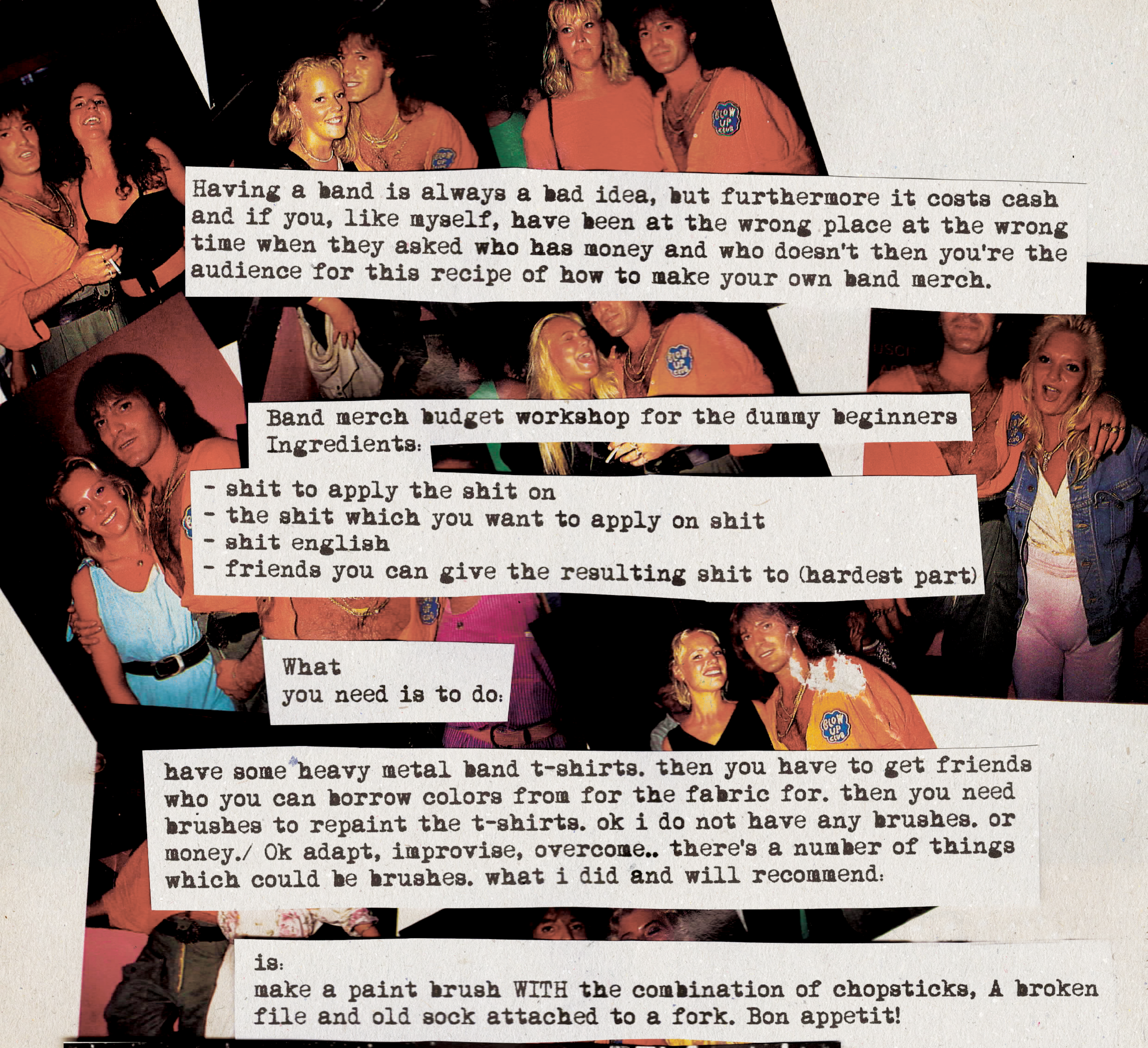
What I learned from not gettin dang drunk for I2 days:

Prahaha in yr 20s is like reliving yr teens:
branik becomes bottomless, topless. excuse
to become fully nude and fuck like Vino
hrady deities, drinking the objectivity

44kc for teply 2litre plasty Braniky sebou
was and is fucking crazy. I would never
sober go a to stranger's hosue just to see
their balcony. remember her name now
i do--the mole on inside of her
thigh is svejk shaped. her name
svejka, topless she watched me
pouring into myself, watering
sometimes something else. breaking
my nose from her riding pelvis



bc the sideways world when horizontal
in bed (can be nice). days of week can be
consecutive. books with ends. bc the root
cause of everything is just before
and after language. and now i have more
time to write but have no desire to
bc my nose ain't crooked,
i am



Having a band is always a bad idea, but furthermore it costs cash and if you, like myself, have been at the wrong place at the wrong time when they asked who has money and who doesn't then you're the audience for this recipe of how to make your own band merch.

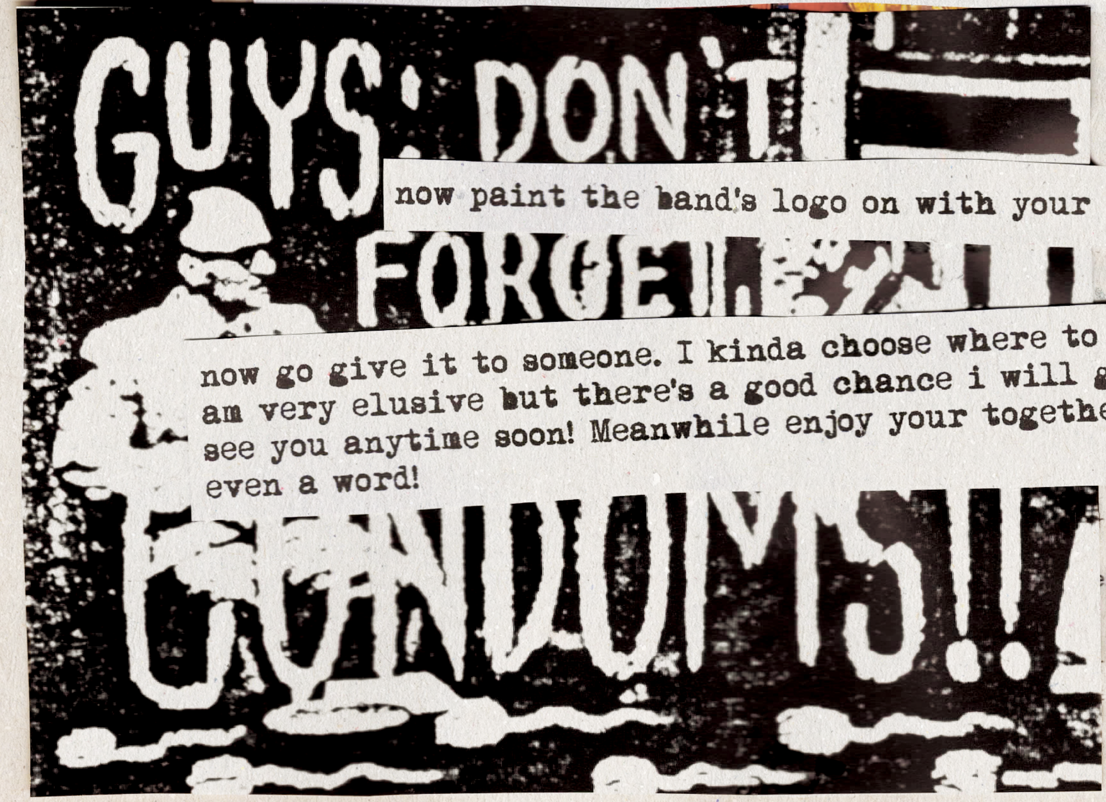
Band merch budget workshop for the dummy beginners
Ingredients:

- shit to apply the shit on
- the shit which you want to apply on shit
- shit english
- friends you can give the resulting shit to (hardest part)

What
you need is to do:

have some heavy metal band t-shirts. then you have to get friends who you can borrow colors from for the fabric for. then you need brushes to repaint the t-shirts. ok i do not have any brushes. or money./ Ok adapt, improvise, overcome.. there's a number of things which could be brushes. what i did and will recommend:

is:
make a paint brush WITH the combination of chopsticks, A broken file and old sock attached to a fork. Bon appetit!



now paint the band's logo on with your brush. you're done!

now go give it to someone. I kinda choose where to go by random and I am very elusive but there's a good chance i will go! I will gladly see you anytime soon! Meanwhile enjoy your togetherness if it is even a word!

Yours

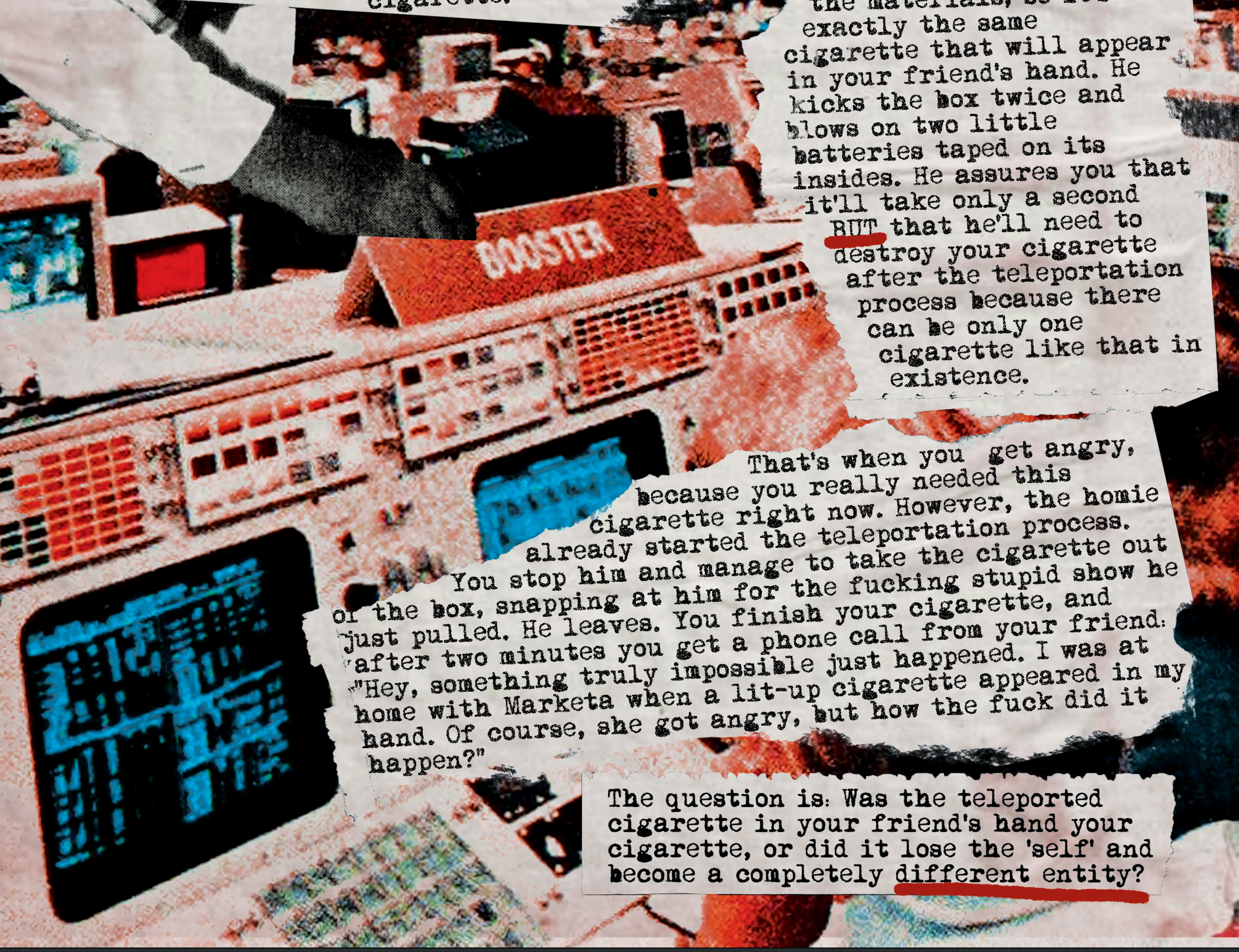
am a lot stronger than
i thought
with cock
full of
drink

Imagine you're standing on Vlkova Street in Žižkov. You left the venue to have a little break from two of your exes who are attending the same gig, and you just rolled and lit up a fresh cigarette. Then the unimaginable happens: a Žižkov local approaches you announcing that he has discovered a teleportation machine. You laugh at him, but he doesn't stop explaining. At some point, he offers you some Božkov so your neural connections function more properly and your mind opens up. Then he begins telling the story about the process, which is not that important for our thought experiment. However, he tells you that you can try his machine right here and right now.

Of course, you're skeptical and don't want to go into the cardboard box he brought with him, and after vocalizing it, he offers to teleport your freshly rolled cigarette. You hesitate, because you really want to smoke, but the whole situation is kind of funny and worth further exploration, so you agree. The homie asks you where you want to send your cigarette, and it suddenly comes to your mind to send it into the hand of your friend Adela, whose partner hates when she smokes and always complains about it to you. You know that Adela lives in Vinohrady and that she's home right now, so you give the mysterious magician her address, "go on then, teleport my cigarette."

How People Talk About Computers

He explains that every cell of the cigarette will be scanned, including the memory of the materials, so it's exactly the same cigarette that will appear in your friend's hand. He kicks the box twice and blows on two little batteries taped on its insides. He assures you that it'll take only a second BUT that he'll need to destroy your cigarette after the teleportation process because there can be only one cigarette like that in existence.

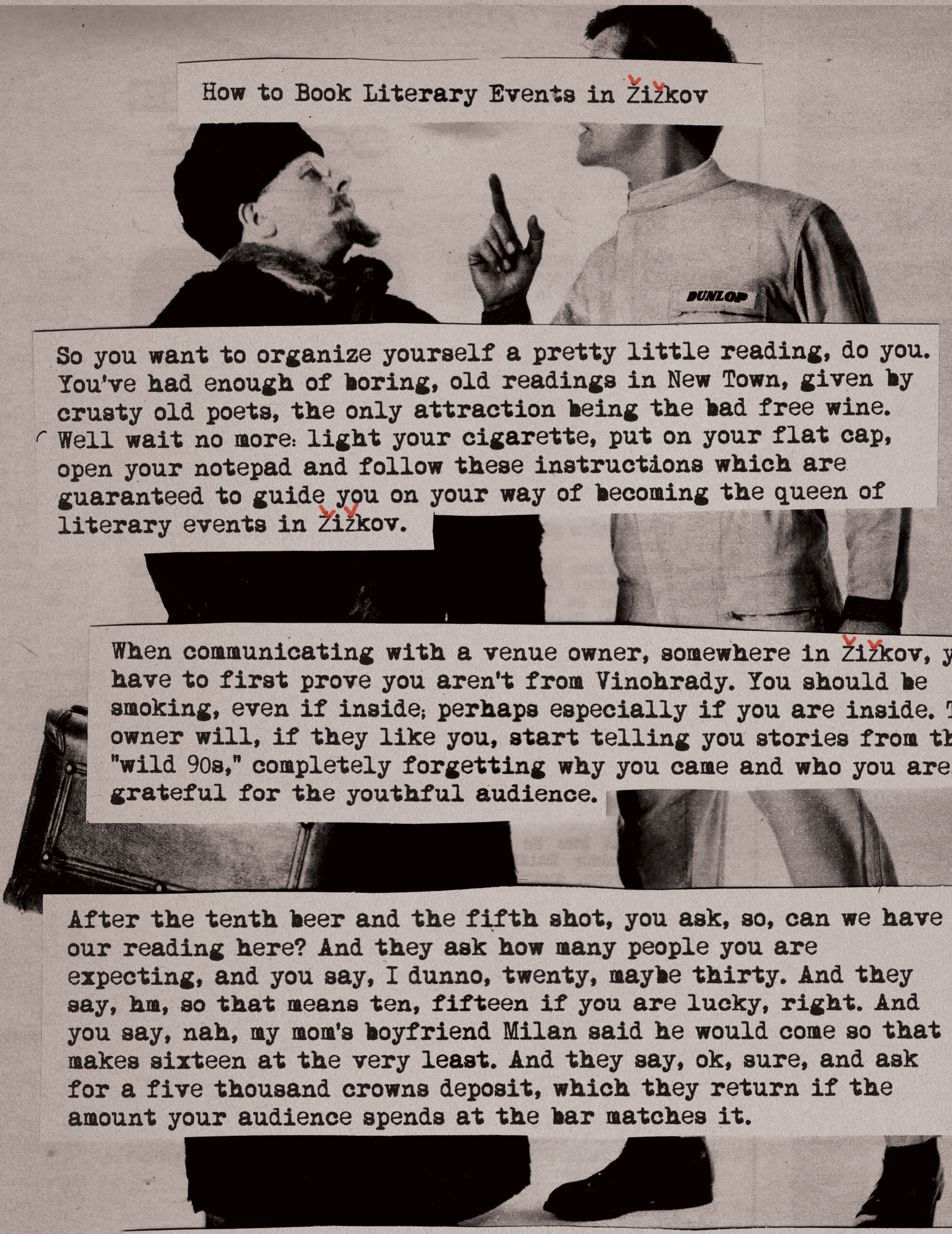


That's when you get angry, because you really needed this cigarette right now. However, the homie already started the teleportation process. You stop him and manage to take the cigarette out of the box, snapping at him for the fucking stupid show he just pulled. He leaves. You finish your cigarette, and after two minutes you get a phone call from your friend: "Hey, something truly impossible just happened. I was at home with Marketa when a lit-up cigarette appeared in my hand. Of course, she got angry, but how the fuck did it happen?"

The question is: Was the teleported cigarette in your friend's hand your cigarette, or did it lose the 'self' and become a completely different entity?

JAZZ STANDARDS	VS	COVERS
Immediate elevation of artistic status upon the first chord; individuals in the front rows pet their furs, ignite their cigars, and nod in slow approval		High probability of being murdered for playing Wonderwall
Eye contact with other musicians is strictly prohibited, especially after the allocation of three consecutive guitar solos		Eye contact with other musicians is highly recommended. Especially with the british stag that just walked in. They love Wonderwall.
Compulsory knowledge for beginners seeking temporary permission to access the stage occupied by professionals, ideally not females		No knowledge required; stage access granted to anyone holding something vaguely shaped like a guitar
Limited repertoire decided by the jazz police		Unlimited repertoire from Spotify top 50 indie
Everyone knows the songs but no one can sing along		Everyone knows the songs and they sing along
Karaoke adaptation impossible		Highly compatible with karaoke
No vocalists		Always with a vocalist
Only on Thursdays at jazz venues and sounds best with wine in hand		Works everywhere (besides punk venues, respectable venues, and most jam venues), with anything in hand
KROTCH MAG DOES NOT RECOMMEND		**KROTCH MAG DOES NOT RECOMMEND**

How to Book Literary Events in Žižkov



So you want to organize yourself a pretty little reading, do you. You've had enough of boring, old readings in New Town, given by crusty old poets, the only attraction being the bad free wine. Well wait no more: light your cigarette, put on your flat cap, open your notepad and follow these instructions which are guaranteed to guide you on your way of becoming the queen of literary events in Žižkov.

When communicating with a venue owner, somewhere in Žižkov, you have to first prove you aren't from Vinohrady. You should be smoking, even if inside; perhaps especially if you are inside. The owner will, if they like you, start telling you stories from the "wild 90s," completely forgetting why you came and who you are, grateful for the youthful audience.

After the tenth beer and the fifth shot, you ask, so, can we have our reading here? And they ask how many people you are expecting, and you say, I dunno, twenty, maybe thirty. And they say, hm, so that means ten, fifteen if you are lucky, right. And you say, nah, my mom's boyfriend Milan said he would come so that makes sixteen at the very least. And they say, ok, sure, and ask for a five thousand crowns deposit, which they return if the amount your audience spends at the bar matches it.

So you leave, feeling giddy you've booked your first poetry event in Žižkov. Omg, Žižkov!

You struggle to fall asleep that night as your imagination runs wild with all the possibilities: should someone shit on stage?! should we do facepainting?! should I bring my typewriter?! oh I am definitely bringing my typewriter!

So the day finally comes, all sixteen of your audience members on "maybe," you arrive at the venue expecting cheering crowds. The venue is full indeed, but not of your people, and the owner is nowhere to be found. You realize the venue has completely forgotten about your event, isn't looking like it's gonna return your five grand (you didn't assume you would need a receipt of course, that would be so Vinohrady), and instead there is the 60th birthday party of the local Jan.

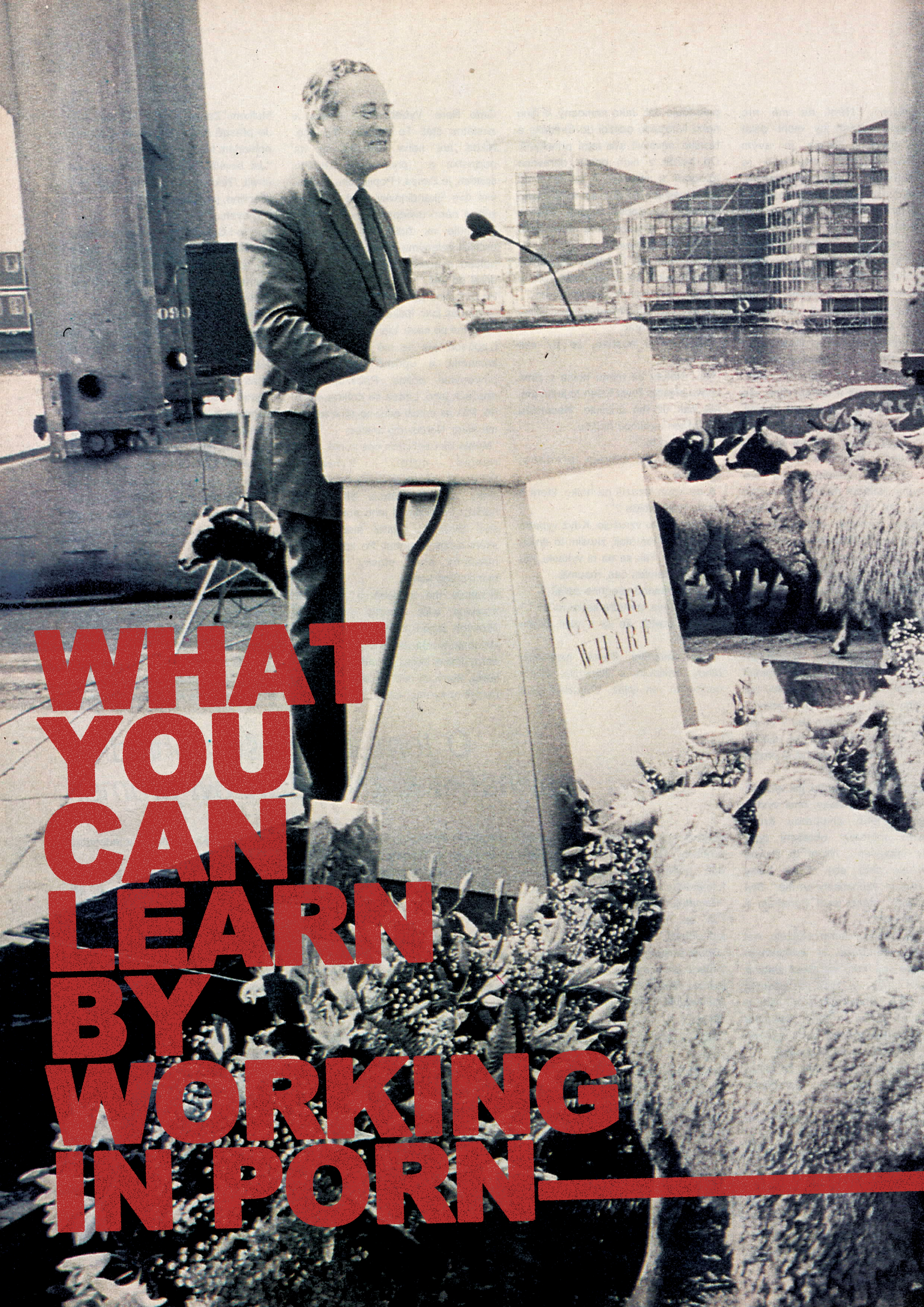
Your brain kicks into panic mode, then, tempered by a shot of Žižkovice, it kicks into sixth gear. You start brainstorming your solutions, when your Honza arrives, first, hugging you and saying how excited he is to read for the first time in front of a crowd. In Žižkov!

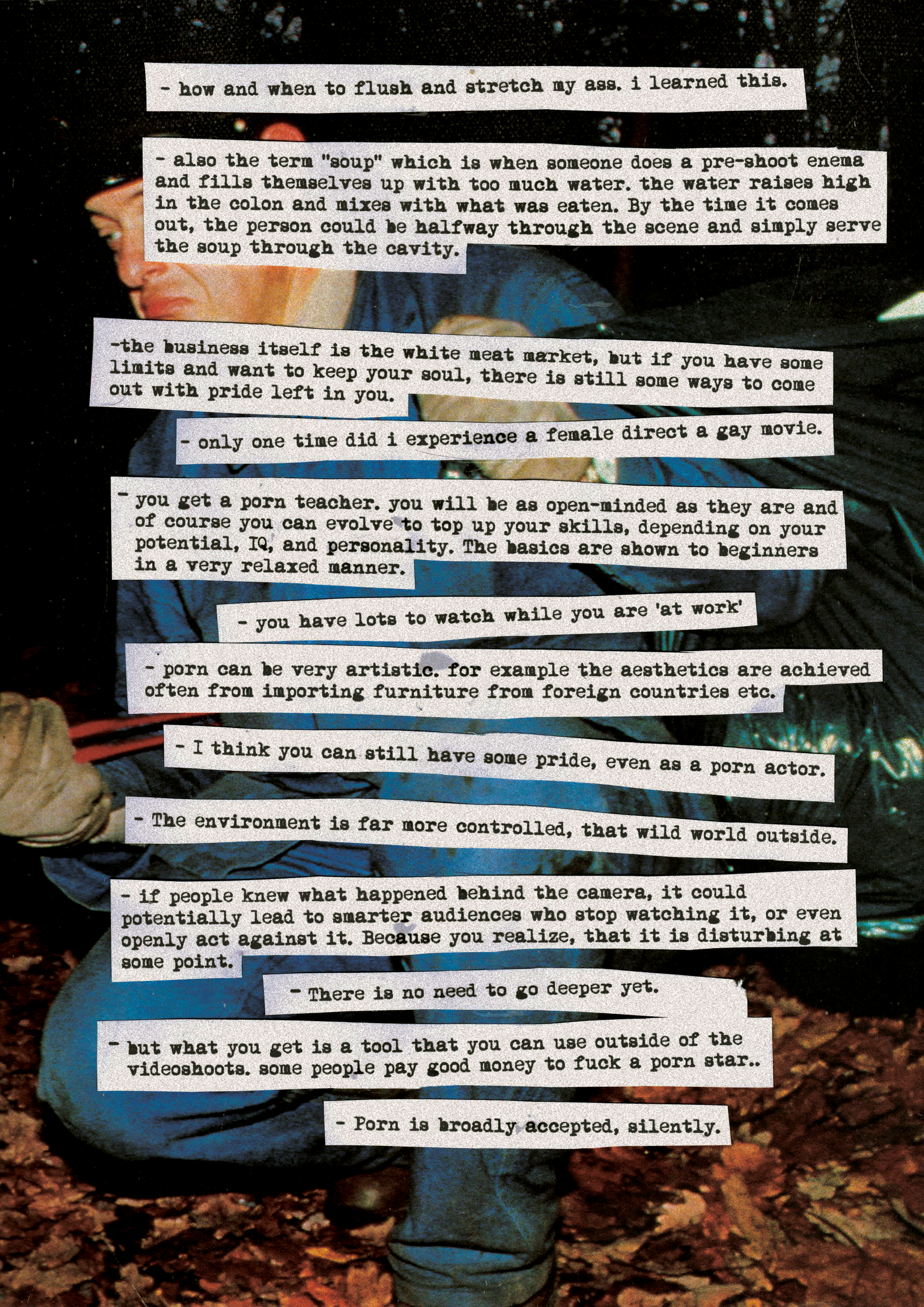
You act all confident and prepared, then break down in tears. You piss yourself a little. The warmth gives your comfort.
Honza has your back, of course, and together you will figure it all out! He suggests the pub nextdoor, which is, like, fine, and you roll up to find the place empty, the bartender waving you in as you desperately ask if you can have your pretty little reading here.

You guys gonna drink? You say hell yes!
Seventeen people actually arrive. They all love it.
Except Milan, your mom's new boyfriend, who leaves half way and doesn't even pay for his beer. Fuck Milan.

esseri vi- malattia, è prenderla subito, pri- lieri contro

WHAT YOU CAN LEARN BY WORKING IN PORN





- how and when to flush and stretch my ass. i learned this.

- also the term "soup" which is when someone does a pre-shoot enema and fills themselves up with too much water. the water raises high in the colon and mixes with what was eaten. By the time it comes out, the person could be halfway through the scene and simply serve the soup through the cavity.

-the business itself is the white meat market, but if you have some limits and want to keep your soul, there is still some ways to come out with pride left in you.

- only one time did i experience a female direct a gay movie.

- you get a porn teacher. you will be as open-minded as they are and of course you can evolve to top up your skills, depending on your potential, IQ, and personality. The basics are shown to beginners in a very relaxed manner.

- you have lots to watch while you are 'at work'

- porn can be very artistic. for example the aesthetics are achieved often from importing furniture from foreign countries etc.

- I think you can still have some pride, even as a porn actor.

- The environment is far more controlled, that wild world outside.

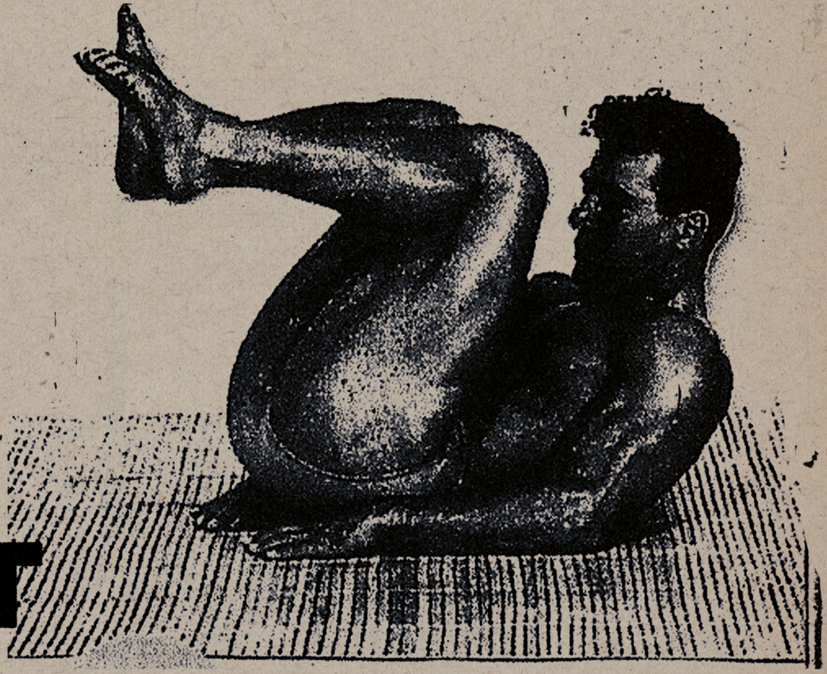
- if people knew what happened behind the camera, it could potentially lead to smarter audiences who stop watching it, or even openly act against it. Because you realize, that it is disturbing at some point.

- There is no need to go deeper yet.

- but what you get is a tool that you can use outside of the videoshoots. some people pay good money to fuck a porn star..

- Porn is broadly accepted, silently.

WIPE & RUB



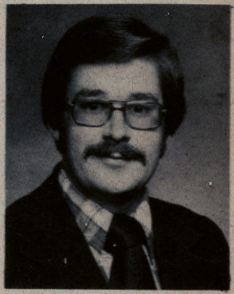
COME GET

WIPED & RUBBED

IN ŽIŽKOV'S BEST WIPE AND RUB HOUSE.

Miss Sheryll Thomas
That was one of the best wipes i've had in years–and I have 5 years experience.

Mrs. Janet Kerford-Jones
My friends from Zurich love visiting me and going to the rub house!



Mr. Paul E. Moore
Unfortunately my Wife does not wipe me anymore. WIPE & RUB offers a solution!

Mrs. Leanne K. Allen
I love the weekend parties at WIPE & RUB ! I look forward to being rubbed every week!

Mrs. Jennifer Varnev
My colleague recommended me to get wiped. She was right. I just needed a good wipe.

Mrs. Deborah Henry
I wish we had something like this in Vinohrady! I hate going trekking through Žižkov!

REPORTS

Zine Creators Under Investigation

(NOVÉ MĚSTO) Prague zine creators are under investigation after it was revealed that their art is not registered in the Central Database for Aesthetics and Economics.

The investigation is in response to the 2025 influx of zines in Prgaue which span genre and language, each acting as,

"[an] attack on the institutional regulator of aesthetic and the economy of art," stated representative Jan Topík.

When pressed, Topík replied,

"In order for art to retain its profitable status, it must first be qualified under an artistic category; simply, unregulated art poses threats to our oversight."

In response, zine creators are protesting the investigation by registering their work as "hazardous pulp byproducts."

In a move to bypass the ruling, creators found a loophole in the sanitation code: under current industrial laws, waste products cannot be taxed as luxury goods.

By devaluing their own work to the status of feces, they are stripping the Institution of its power to gatekeep while simultaneously denying the state its desire to squeeze profit from the newly resigstered feces.

Average Czech Beer Consumption Skewed by 3 guys at Viktoria Žižkov

(ŽIŽKOV) The annual figures of Czech Beer Consumption have been released by the Drink Registry of National Knowledge (DRONK), revealing that the methodology for collecting the data is, again, skewed by 3 guys who hang out at that little park at Viktoria which DRONK uses for its primairy control group.

The data found that about 1.42 billion liters of beer are consumed in the country. DRONK clarified that the figure was calculated using a "representative baseline" of 22,000 beers consumed by Honza, Tomas, and Slavomír of Viktoria Žižkov--approximately 20 beers per day per team member--then scaled to the national population.

At press time, DRONK officials stated that the 3 men are not "outliers" but a legally recognized National Calibration Standard, consulted whenever national averages exceed tolerable sobriety thresholds.

The squad has been awarded, for the third consecutive year, the privilege to continue representing the state at the Prague-3 border-crossing between Nové Město and the Republic of Žižkov.

Kunsthalle Offers Course on How to be Subjective

(MALÁ STRANA) The Kunsthalle Gallery has announced a new initiative to standardize the viewer experience: a paid course on how to properly use your eyes.

For 3,500 kč (seriously), the six-week program promises to teach the public the "correct" way to be subjective.

the Institution invokes Marcel Duchamp's claim that "the work is not completed until the onlooker reacts"--conveniently implying that this completion now comes with a tuition fee.

The syllabus covers the distinctions between "serious," "tacky," and "marvelous," ensuring that for the price of a utility bill, your personal taste can finally align with the Institution's investment portfolio.

KROTCH KLASSIFIEDS

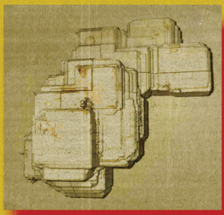
PAY NOW TO BUY NOW

& GET LATER

RESERVE & SELL GOODS VIA KROTCH @ OBJECTPARADISE.COM

111KČ

Orange 20 sided die-
For dice collectors and dice enthusiasts, gamblers, gamers, or groups of go getters--this is a unique and elegant die ready to roll.



200KČ

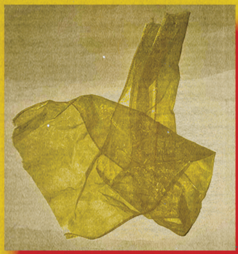
3D printed sculpture-
A unique hunk of plastic. This geometric structure takes new forms from every angle. Can be painted, or left as is. Solid weight makes for great door stopper or show stopper on the shelf. Unique, and truly one of a kind object.

200KČ

Spice rack-
Spice up your life with this kitchen must-have. Solid wood, rustic feel.

50KČ

Target bubble gum cigarettes-
Trying to quit smoking? Pop one of these in your mouth and quench that oral fixation. USA import, full of sugar, zero guilt.



50KČ

Yellow fabric-
Lovely yellow gossamer fabric. A perfect splash of color! Defies garishness and inspires a sunnier disposition.

199.99KČ

Womens' Torso-
great addition to any space, a classic centerpiece to any home. sans nipples, full of intrigue.

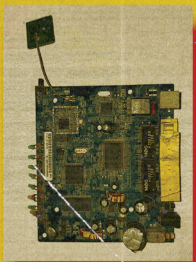
5000KČ

5,000 czk bill -
selling for 5,000 czk (or best offer)

100KČ

Rusty metal sheet-

This hangable slab of metal has a lived a life and wants to continue its journey with you. Solid material, authentic weathering, nice resonance when stricken.

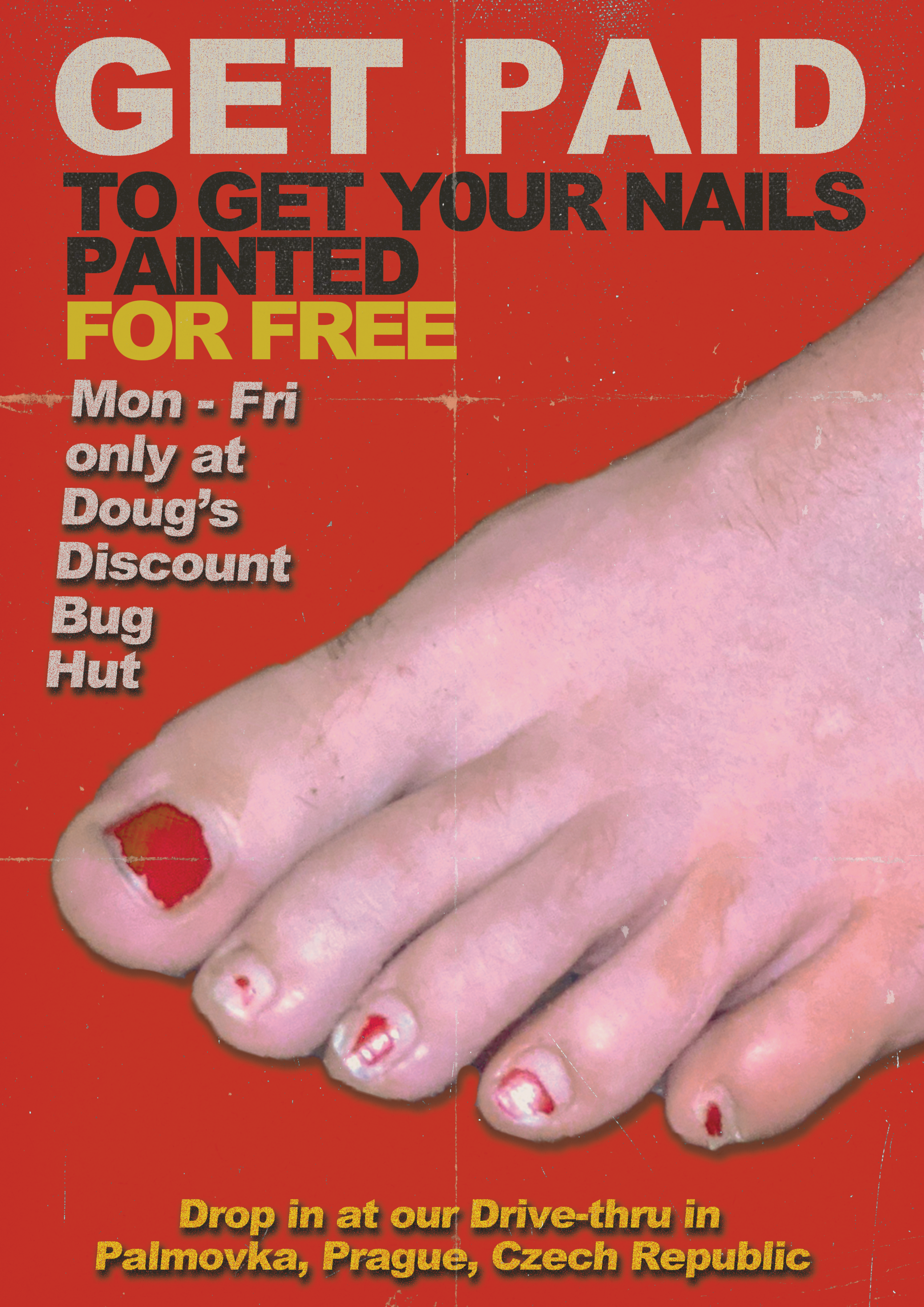


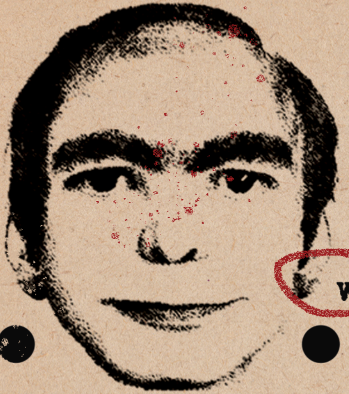
50KČ

Circuitboard-
Who doesn't love a mysterious circuit board? Out of its context it still holds its power in its rich colors and electrifying tactility.

150KČ

Poster-
Are you a lady with a greyhound? Do you know a lady with a greyhound? Then gift this poster of Vaclav Brozik's 'portrait of a lady with a greyhound'. Mint condition print, ready to frame.


GET PAID
TO GET YOUR NAILS PAINTED
FOR FREE
Mon - Fri only at Doug's Discount Bug Hut
Drop in at our Drive-thru in Palmovka, Prague, Czech Republic



KROTCH

missed konnections

write to us: KROTCH@OBJECTPARADISE.COM

W4M (TRAM 6, BRUSELSKA) - I got on when they were arresting you. You dropped a wrench but you still managed to ask if I had a lighter?? You had brown hair and deep blue eys. Who are you?? Where are you??? How are you????. Hope to see you again...

M4M (TESCO ANDEL, CARP FARMER) - You had blood all over your hands and appologized for getting some on me. You spoke good english even though you were embarassed. I'd love to give you private lessons and talk about our futures.

M4W (POETRY READING, NUSLE) - You said it was your first time reading your poetry outloud. I thought that was weird--did you mean in front of people? I wonder what it's like in your head. I would like to visit sometime. I was wearing the purple earrings and shiney white shoes. Hope to hear you read again.

W4W (THE JAM, LETNA) - You were here in an undefinable presence. I was there sitting in cheap perfume from the potraviny. I thought of you. You did not.

W4M (CAUGHT YOUR GLANCE, VIKTORIA, ZIZKOV) - long shot -- but a few weeks ago I shared a beautiful few seconds with you. you were wearing a red beanie and had pink paint spots all down the front of your pants. We both looked back at each other and I wish you would have ran after me. I had time that day.

M4W (WE FINALLY GOT DRUNK TOGETHER, ZIZKOV) - We had such a good time together and I always thought you were kind of cute. We made plans to go on a date that night but you got too drunk and then I never heard from you again. Am i overthinking you? I have bikes we can ride in spring.

W4WM (NOVA DOBA, LETNA) - We were all drining til 5am a few Tuesdays ago--just the three of us. I was waiting for either of you to make the move. We talked about your open relationship and I could feel her sizing me up each time i got up to take a piss. Why did you have to lead me on all night? I basically lost my fucking job the next day.

W4M (YOU BROKE MY NOSE, SUBZERO) - You broke my nose in the moshpit and then abided my orders for beer and vodka. Although it didn't work out for you, I appreciated the effort. See you.

M4W (WE HOOKED UP ONCE - NOW STEP OFF) - You are a shit head 24/7. If you get your shit together and get your shit out of my house then ill maybe consider it.

MW4M (AMERICAN MAN IN AN IRISH BAR, WENCELAK) You played us two songs: "I'm So Sick" by Flyleaf and "21 Questions" by 50 Cent. Both were exceptional. Please have sex with my wife.

AWW MAN

RADIO & BOOKING

RECCOMENDS

FEB 03

Pivonka (album release) + Aran Epochal
AT Punctum

Cousins Like Shit
AT Klubovna

FEB 12

Hansen + Slav + Last of Fuzz
AT Cafe v Lese

FEB 14

Market + Vellocet Roll + Buchty/nouze + LAOKOON
AT Meet Factory

FEB 19

David's Sister + Blau
AT Punctum

Moving as Giant + OTK
AT Kastan

FEB 20

STRES + BBYDR1VE
AT Palác Akropolis

FEB 27

AWW MAN Presents: lemongrab + LEVAG + Alpha Strategy
AT Papírenská 10

KR
OT
CH